"THE WORLD MOVES,"

And So Does Congress---But Very Slowly.

ADMIRAL DUPONT'S STATUE.

The Blot on the 'Scutcheon," Barrett's New Piece—The Utah Commission.

[Correspondence o. THE HERALD.]

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In the language of Representative Browne, of Indiana, in a speech on the inter-State commerce bill, and relating to the "color line" feature sought to be placed upon the bill by the Republicans: "The world moves." The name of the author of this startling and ingenious declaration may not receive that recognition to which it is entitled; but its force seems irresistible. What effect it should have had upon the Democratic party, at whom it was hurled, one cannot properly conjecture; but it was received with derisive laughter. This, however, is not to the purpose. Attention was merely called to the succinct and epigrammic declaration of the existence of a great natural force, merely for the purpose of saying that, were it not for some such universally conceded principal, one would hardly believe that the world was plodding on in the olden way, and at the same old steady and certain clip. Congress has been in session almost a month, and if the rotary motion of this mundane sphere depended upon the degree of activity with which legislation was enacted by Congress, one could make the declaration that "The world does not move." Figuratively speaking, the assertion would be true. The degree of rapidity with which the Washingtonian world moves depends largely upon the impetus given by Congress. Congress practically, does not move; Washington does not move. Washington is the hub of the United States, the claims of Philosophy Boston to the contrary notwithstanding. Washington does not move: *ergo*, the United States does not move. The United States is the centre of the world, its hub. Therefore: Congress does not move, Washington does not move, the United States does not move; *ergo*: The world does not move. It may be the pride of flesh, but it does seem as though a Utah Commission could be proud of this logical deduction, and refutation of the proposition advanced by Representative Browne, and generally accepted as an incontrovertible fact.

There seems to be a slight difference of opinion between the two branches. The House passed a resolution to adjourn from the 20th inst. till January 5th. Under the Constitution neither branch can adjourn for a longer period than three days without the consent of the other. The House refuses to comply with the Senate's wishes about the naval appropriation bill; and the Senate consequently refuses to adjourn, and this prevents the House from adjourning for more than three days. To thwart the Senate, ex-Speaker Randall made a motion that the House should adjourn for three days, and upon meeting immediately adjourn for three days more, and so on, until January 3, with unanimous understanding that no business should be transacted on the days when the House should meet. The result is that the Senate is still in session, and the House has practically adjourned.

Saturday was a raw and bitter cold day, but the unveiling of the statue of Rear-Admiral Samuel Francis Dupont, on Dupont Circle took place. Because of the extreme cold the customary procession and march were dispensed with. Prest. Arthur, members of the Cabinet, General Sheridan and army and naval officers, some Congressmen, and quite a number of ladies and gentlemen gathered upon the stand reserved for the invited ones. On one side of the statue were drawn up the marines, on the other the soldiers, in front was the speaker's stand, and at the rear of the statue the Marine Band—considered the finest band in the United States. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, the paths of the Circle on which the statue is placed, were filled with curious spectators who were not among the elected ones invited to sit on the stand, while quite a distance to the east a detachment of artillery was drawn up and waiting for the hour to come when the salute was to be given. A few preliminary remarks were made by Secretary Chandler and Senator Bayard, who was to make the address, was introduced. He spoke for over half an hour and read from manuscript what had been prepared for the occasion. Unfortunately for the crowd, the Senator, though a large man, has not a powerful voice, and as he addressed his remarks to the gathering on the stand, it was with difficulty that those plebians who—like your own—had to stand around, could catch any sentences. The result was that the intense cold and the inability to hear began to give the occasion a monotonous air which persuaded many to leave. The ranks of the curious thinned out gradually, until the larger part of the great and expectant public was composed of "cops," who stubbed their toes, spatted their hands, sniffed, and tried to look cheerful. The address, as might have been expected, was masterly in every respect. It reviewed the events in the life of Dupont, who served in the navy of the United States for fifty years, and rose from a "midship mite," step by step, to the rear admirality; who ever maintained his honor as the most priceless jewel of his life, and despite the envy and slanders of the bitter hearted, whose course was such that the "arrows of defamation fell shattered at his feet." He reviewed the whole career of Dupont under the most trying circumstances and showed that he was ever a patriot, an honest and a noble creature. There was no attempt at rhetorical grandeur; the points were deduced one after another, plainly, fairly, honestly; and the summing up of the statesman orator was the more effective from the absence of efforts at eloquence by the gush of words. It was the eloquence of simplicity, of truth; and one who heard it could not but wish his walk in life might be such that his could be spoken of as had been the career of Samuel Francis Dupont, and that the story of his trials might be told as it had been of him, and by one who was himself great enough to make his subject eloquent without the appearance of striving to do so. A salute of thirteen guns followed the address and the ceremonies concluded. The statue is of bronze, on a granite pedestal and is of heroic proportions. It is the work of Mr. Lount Thompson, of Philadelphia, by whom also the pedestal was designed. It occupies one of the most commanding points in the city of Washington, and the Circle is named for the distinguished naval officer whom the statue represents.

Lawrence Barrett has produced Robert Browning's tragedy The Blot on the 'Scutcheon. It was the first time the piece has been attempted in this country, the third time in its history. It was first brought before the public by Macready and proved a failure. Later it was attempted by Phillips, when it again failed, and is now produced by Lawrence Barrett, with some material and some immaterial alterations from the original draft of the play. A fine audience gathered at Albaugh's opera house on Friday night, to witness the presentation; there being, in addition to civic and army officials, many Congressmen and members of the *litterati*. William Winter, the noted Shakesperean critic, represented the New York *Tribune*. The play was originally a three-act piece, but Barrett has made it into four. It is a magnificent poetical production; a splendid reading tragedy, but never had in it those elements essential to a successful acting play. More than in any piece I have ever seen in my life is there a lofty sentiment, which, without forcing the attention or so riveting thought as to render it objectionable, ever appeals to and enforces the idea of the eternal justice of the Creator—a sentiment that pervades and permeates the whole, and yet is almost insensible. The story is of the unwise love of a couple, highly born, at a time when they were little more than children. The love ripens as they grow older. The girl has no father nor mother, but a brother, wise, kind, generous, gracious, learned and brave, who loves his sister more like a suitor than one of kin. The acquaintance of the young couple is unknown to the brother, and the guilty lover calls on the brother and asks for the hand of the girl. He is graciously received and promised the young lady if she gives consent. The visits of the lover to the chamber of his sweetheart have been marked at night by an old retainer, who, with much anguish, tells his master of the painful discovery. The girl is called, and with as much delicacy as the character of the inquiry renders possible, the brother asks his sister of the truth of the tale. Her soul, pained at the time almost to distraction by the knowledge of her guilt, has revolted at the effort of her lover to hide their unnatural sin by marriage, and she confesses to her brother. This is the blot on the escutcheon. He deals with her kindly. She refuses to disclose the name of her clandestine lover. He asks her what answer she shall make to the young earl who has sued for her hand. She says she will receive him. This so enrages the brother—the bare idea that she would attempt to hide her shame by an alliance with an honorable house—that he disowns, curses her and departs. The name of the lover is adroitly secured by Gwendolen, cousin of the girl, who refuses to abandon her, and while in hysterical joy at the discovery that Mildred's paramour and her suitor are one and the same the brother enters, again takes his sister to his heart and the curtain falls on the second act. The third act discovers the brother beneath his sister's window. The hour is midnight and he observes some one approaching. As the young earl stops under his lover's window, before entering for the nightly meeting, the brother seizes him and forces the young earl to disclose himself. He then insists that the youth shall draw. He does so and the brother kills him, the lover not attempting a defense. The brother bewails his hasty temper, and listens to the story of the youth. The last act discovers Mildred waiting for her lover. The brother enters, asks her forgiveness for his violent speech to her before, and tells of the death of her lover. She blesses her brother and dies with her arms about his neck, while he, too, breathes his last, having taken poison because of his remorse at the death of the lover. There is but one really good act in it. The second act is suburb. Barrett never appeared to better advantage. The whole act gave opportunity for the display of a variety of emotion, a magnificence of passion, and a calmness of judgment seldom to be seen in a whole play, much less in a single act. The suspicion aroused by the old retainer's hint at a story, and the impatience to hear it, the confused and stunned sensation after listening to its detail, the effort to be calm, the delicacy, the gentleness with which he asks her for a disclosure that will satisfy him, the agony of the revelation that his worst fears are but too true, the gentle yielding to the love of her that moulds him in spite of his madness, the supremacy of madness in the curse when he believes she would wrong another to hide her own shame by marriage, and the magnificence of the mingled scorn and contempt and anger with which he leaves the poor girl stunned and stupefied, were marvellous, and natural and gave to Mr. Barrett ample opportunity for the highest exercise of his faculties, his training and his acknowledged dramatic genius. Nor is this all. The womanly developments of Gwendolin when her husband too asks her to leave the girl and go with him; her splendid scorn of the humanity that deserts in the hour of trial and need, the manly and ennobling instincts she causes to animate her husband, the tenderness with which she calls to life and to reality the wandering thoughts of the stupefied and heart-broken maiden, the pleading, the almost maternal manifestation of affection, the discovery that the lover and the suitor are the same and the hysterical joy which succeeded the revelation, were given with power and with a wording that must have touched the flintiest heart even while it brought a smile to the cheek. Miss Wainwright, who supported Barrett while in Salt Lake, fairly eclipsed herself in this part, and left little doubt in the minds of those who looked beyond and behind the sensation of the moment, that her talents must win for her an enviable fame. This act could almost live alone. For majesty of thought, splendour of diction, and truly dramatic situation and revelation, it is verily grand; but it is preceded by an act and followed by two others, tame and uninteresting to a painful degree. The death of the lover is tame; the death of the sister and brother would be ludicrous if it were not for its tameness. The poet, nevertheless, shines through all; and the language is inexpressibly sweet and touching or strong and moving as the occasion demands. The absence of dramatic situation and of sub-plot are what doom the piece to failure, if a failure it be. One writer's criticism in the New York *Tribune* speaks glowingly of the piece, commends Mr. Barrett for his courage in its production, but does not risk a prediction as to its future. His notice was evidently written before the presentation of the play. The Washington papers speak well of the piece, but unhesitatingly promise that it will not be a success as a drawing card. It resembles all Barrett's later selections—is painful and gloomy; Barrett seems to have a morbid appetite for plays of the gloomy and dismal stamp.

The Commission has silently "dusted." They seem to have occasioned no comment and attracted no interest. It would seem that "Handsome Eli" was out of the Territory by reference to the Salt Lake papers. This must be an error. It is impossible that both he and Secretary Thomas should be absent at the same time. The law forbids it, and heaven only knows what the Territory would do. It is given out, as appears on good authority, that the friends of Gov. Murray in New York are striving hard to have him retained in office as Governor of Utah, after the incoming of the new administration. The reason being that it would be a recognition of his services in Utah. If the efforts of any man to misrepresent, abuse, wrong, injure, override and tyrannize a whole people; if to violate the laws he professes to support; if, by every act and by every effort, to injure the prosperity of a great commonwealth, to bring disgrace and ill-repute upon its inhabitants; if to curry, endorse and fawn upon a clique who live by maligning, and by endeavoring to ruin an honest, sober and industrious people; if to do this is to deserve recognition, then Gov. Murray needs it, heaven knows! If these are virtues he is a paragon, and his friends should never let up until he is recognized—until his poll is painted as red as—well, never mind.

WANDERER.